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AUGUST, 1951

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

BIRTHDAY MEANING

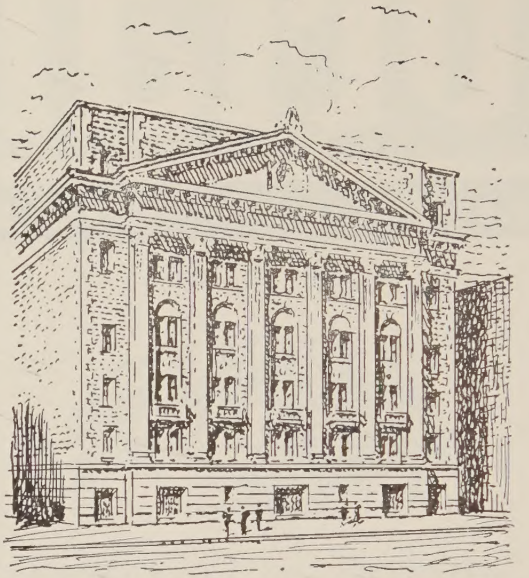
"Happy Birthday—Many Happy Returns of the Day!" we shout when we greet a loved one or a friend on the anniversary of his birth. It is a cry of rejoicing. It is a day of rejoicing, both for the one who has lived another year, and for all of us who have shared that year. To me my birthday brings striking evidence that my journey through the years has been made easier and happier by the friendships I have been privileged to hold. When the cares and the troubles of the year, and even the heartache of loneliness are swept away by a deluge of cards and little gifts of remembrance, living a year seems much more worthwhile. And what of the future? With such good friends standing near, my birthday tells me I shall not be alone. I shall have love and the strength of others to share it with me.

A BIRTHDAY brings our friends about.
The absent come by post and wire.
The near ones sing their greeting out,
Of all I know, the happiest choir.

Some carry gifts their love to show.
For health and joy the wish they make.
At last to set the room aglow
There comes the candle-lighted cake.

Oh, what is there from life to fear?
Why dread the temples turning gray?
Should God allow another year,
We've friends to share it, come what may.

(From "Living the Years" by Edgar A. Guest)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

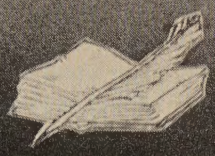
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



Volume XXVIII *August, 1951* *Number 5*

"TWO APPROACHES TO LIFE"

A LENTEN SEASON SERMON BY
DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Sunday, March 4, 1951

ON THURSDAY evening of last week I had the great privilege —and it was a great privilege— of being present at the Palmer House when Mr. Shanks, the President of the Prudential Life Insurance Company of America, one of the largest institutions in the nation, which does a nine-billion-dollar business and loans four million dollars a day, outlined the great plan of the Prudential Life Insurance Company for building that great new skyscraper down on Michigan Avenue and Randolph Street over the Illinois Central tracks. I was one of the many who were fortunate enough to receive an invitation to be a guest on that occasion and I shall always remember it as one of the most significant evenings of my life.

I sat and listened to this comparatively young man, with that great responsibility, outline the potentiality of what we are now designating as Mid-America (a group of six or seven states adjacent to the metropolitan area of Chicago which is now being given the locative term of Mid-America). I listened to the accurate recital of the potentialities of Mid-America, our physical and our natural resources, the dependability of the rest of the nation upon the productivity of Mid-America, the fact that in the event of objective war, Mid-America would be the salvation and the hope of the entire nation because of the strategic position which it occupies in transportation and communications, and in the event of rail transportation being incapacitated we have water routes that are denied the rest of the nation. I listened to the amount of money paid in wages and the number of men working in our great industrial institutions, and as this vivid and romantic portrait was outlined before us, I thought of my subject this morning which I had announced last week. Then I heard the Mayor of this city accentuate what had been said by the president of Prudential Insurance Company, followed by the Governor who made a very interesting contribution to the subject, for he touched upon the very heart of the matter that was running through my mind as I sat there. He was speaking to the leadership of Mid-America. Every important financier was there. Every man who was present, with the exception of your minister, was a man of importance in the industrial and economic life of

Mid-America, and that means the nation.

As I listened to the portrayal which was most inspiring to me, as I know it is to you, I thought of something else, and I thought of it in connection with my subject. And interestingly enough, when the Governor began his address he acknowledged everything which had been said about our material greatness and our physical resources of Mid-America, and then in a very, very few sentences he spoke of the great depository of the cultural and spiritual values which up until that moment had not been mentioned by anyone. "And there," I thought, "is my sermon;" although the subject had been announced several days or weeks before, I said "There is my sermon."

Now of course there are many approaches to life—myriads and myriads of approaches—all sorts of angles and attacks; but I have simplified it (and I think without the danger of oversimplification) to two approaches toward life. And an illustration of those approaches has already been given. There are two approaches to life and we can synchronize all of them into one or two categories and you will synchronize these two categories because they are both essential. You cannot eliminate one without impairing the other, and you can't in turn be triumphant with one without affecting the other. While they represent two separate; two widely separated points of emphasis, they are fundamentally interrelated. And it is when we recognize the interrelation of these two approaches that we live more adequately and our country makes a higher contribution to the unification of the economic, industrial, and spiritual forces of our civilization.

This morning I want to emphasize as best I can our relationship to these two approaches. I want to specifically bring it into the light of religion—not dogmatism—not ecclesiasticism—but religion. Religion comes from two Latin words, "re" and "ligio." "Ligio" means to bind; "re" means again. And the literal derivation of the word religion means to unite, to bind again. Religion is taking up all the values, binding them together. That is the etymological significance of the word—to bind or get together again. We are experiencing a resurgence of the concept of religious values. That does not mean there is a widespread renewal of interest in the orthodox or theological phase or an unusual evidence of a rededication to the loyalties of mere denominationalism; but the fact of the matter is that the people who have never been identified and have never given any great evidence of loyalty to institutional Christianity and religion are now giving evidence of a serious concern about religion. It is because we recognize a deficiency in our lives. We found out that some of the things that we thought held the solution for the problems of life didn't have any solution at all. We found out that many of our loyalties were not worthy at all. We found out that many of the things we had under-girded our lives with rested on corrupt foundations. They were spongy. They were only temporary. They weren't fundamental. They weren't rugged enough. And humanity is discovering that our concept of bigness and of power and of might and of strength and most of all of security which we put into things all failed and are failing. Twenty centuries of the Prince of Peace and the Poet of Galilee—and the values have become so twisted and distorted that a human life is the cheapest thing in the world! Millions and millions of Asiatics pouring human life into the hopper of war! Human life in many quarters of the world is only to be

utilized to preserve and protect someone's prestige and power! And the dignity and worth of the human personality has been subordinated to something called prestige and power. And so with ever increasing facility we put the youth of the world into uniform again, and now we realize that something's happened to us. Something went wrong. It didn't work. The bottom fell out. And the very thing that we expected to prove to be the anchor of life has failed—the anchor dragged, and our ship went nearer and nearer to shoals and the rocky coasts of suffering and sorrow!

So we are beginning to develop a different approach now. God is becoming popular again. The front pages of the great metropolitan newspapers of the country are running articles like "How I found God" on the front page. God hasn't been on the front page for a long time. And it is not only God going onto the front page, but He is standing out in front of your life and mine. The Presence is there. One of the greatest newspapers in all this country is carrying every day at this time a message of the saints of the centuries, and they are being read and commented upon. Prayer meetings are being held in Washington in the House, in the halls of the Capitol, and God knows they need it! But more than one hundred members of the 81st Congress gather in that room every day for prayer. In Wall Street in New York more than two hundred men identified with great business and the industrial development of this nation meet for prayer on Wall Street. One great commercial institution in this country has appointed a chaplain and identified him as being a vice-president of the firm, and this chaplain performs all the functions of a chaplain in that great institution. Prayer meetings where prayer meetings never have been held! Men praying that never have prayed! We are finding a new approach. It doesn't have its germination in any one ecclesiastical denomination. It is universal! It is God working in the destiny of America! The Spirit of the Eternal and the Infinitely Powerful.

Now when God gets His way, things happen. Sometimes it takes a long time for a nation to find that out. Sometimes it takes a long time for an individual to find it out too. When we try to live without God it doesn't work. And the moment we find God, everything is different—everything. Oh, not the God of theology. That God doesn't interest me. I mean the God Who when the night is dark and long and the heart weeps, can be found in the night by reaching out your hand. That is the kind of God I mean. The God that when you are suffering and in trouble, you don't have to stand on any kind of ceremony or any particular technique or custom. All you have to do is just with humility and reverence say "God, come in now and take possession." That is what I mean.

Now we can anchor to the materialistic developments of life. We can build the tallest skyscrapers. We can build them so tall they will seem to touch the stars. We can spend millions and millions and millions. We can have the finest and the most highly developed technical processes in industry and in business. We can do it all. It isn't enough. That is one approach. It is necessary. I believe in a sound economic order. I believe in the legitimate development of industry. I believe in individual initiative, unrestricted development of individual potentiality. I believe in every bit of it. But it isn't enough. It is the least of it. There is another approach.

Archimedes said, you remember, "Give me a fulcrum strong enough and a lever long enough and I will lift the

world!" There is such a fulcrum. There is such a lever. There is a power that can lift the world! The fulcrum exists. The lever exists. And the power is there. Some find it, some miss it. Some never find it. Some permit everything else to be first—everything. So they miss it. They never lift. And the power for lifting is there.

A little man, he was, Asiatic, with a yellow skin. He was to the manor born. He had noble blood in his veins and arteries. He could have lived in affluence and comparative wealth. He didn't. He found a fulcrum. He grasped the lever and he went down into the slimiest, dirtiest, most wicked vile slums of one of the most wicked, vice-corrupted cities of the world—Tokyo —and in a little house, six by nine, he lived. He went in the Spirit of Christ. Four people were drawn to him and his work: Drunkards, dope addicts, outcasts that found him. He found them and they found God. And today that little Asiatic has just finished a triumphant tour in America and millions and millions and millions of people in the Orient are looking to Kagawa to be one of the instruments of God in this great problem between the East and the West! He found the power and the lever. He will lift the world! And the student, as Dr. Sockman said, who went to hear Kagawa came away and said "I don't see anything remarkable about him. He didn't say a thing that was unique or brilliant or unusual." And he doesn't. I have heard him half a dozen times. And the student made that comment and then he stopped a moment. He said "He didn't say a thing. There wasn't anything unique about Kagawa. I couldn't understand his power until I saw those thick lenses that covered his eyes. Then I remembered that he got that disease in the slums and hovels of Tokyo and was facing progressive darkness and blindness. And I saw those glasses and I thought of the cross and then I thought 'Why, the cross doesn't have to speak. The cross speaks for itself!'" Kagawa found the power!

Another man, one of my favorite people of all history, one of the finest philosophical minds that culture and the civilization of Europe has ever produced, one of the greatest artists Europe has ever known; and Mrs. Bradley and I one lovely June Sunday afternoon sat in St. Margaret's in Westminster and heard him play that great organ. Those hands, Dr. Albert Schweitzer's hands, that could have remained the inspired media in the great interpretation of the world's most difficult and most beautiful music, Bach; for he was the finest interpreter of Bach the world has ever known—power, influence, fame, money—something happened to his life, when he saw how black men were being treated. Those hands while I speak to you soothe the festering sores of some syphilitic-afflicted person in darkest Africa. He is bringing God to those people in penance for the wrongs done to the black race by the white man, for Schweitzer believes in the majesty of life.

It will not be the military great. It will not be the industrial great. It will not be even great diplomats that will get this world out of its troubles. It will not be armies and navies. It will not be atom bombs or hydrogen bombs. Poor deluded world! Poor deluded individuals! Trying to lift a world and raise it up by their own boot straps. Thinking that rationalism, education, science, might, building, dollars will do it. Poor world! Unhappy world! Find the power and the fulcrum and the lever! Find the other approach to life, and see it in the continuing and ever forceful example of the One who understood it all, so simply and so beauti-

fully, that in his own life He was able to say "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." We have lifted up everything else. We have lifted up our intellects. We have lifted up our bigness. We have exalted our dollars. Now we are disappointed. And we are going to find our way to the presence of God. And when we do, your life and mine and the life of the world will be bright and beautiful and there shall be no more tears and there shall be no more night. For God is light, and love, and power.

Why don't you before this Lenten Season closes—why don't you find this light, this love and this power, and then wait for the miracle!

BOOK CHATS

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY recently published a whimsical novel with a very unusual theme, namely: the influence of the portrait of Theodore Roosevelt on the lives of the Anderson family. The book is called *Room For Mr. Roosevelt*. The author is Ambrose Flack. This book is expanded from a short story by Mr. Flack which was printed several years ago in the Saturday Evening Post, which he called "A President in the Family." Many inquiries from readers flooded Mr. Flack's desk and he decided to expand this story of the Anderson family and T. R. into a full-length novel. Mr. Flack's first novel, *Family on the Hill,* developed in much the same way, having first appeared as a short piece in the New Yorker.

Mr. Flack has been described as a man "with the soul of a farmer who has a cosmopolitan mind." He admits to being country-minded but says he lives in New York because of major league baseball.

The author was born in Syracuse, New York. He has blended facts of his boyhood there with a bit of fancy in *Room For Mr. Roosevelt.*

I had the distinct impression when reading the book, that it was actually the life of Mr. Flack's own father, mother, brother and sister. Whether this is true or not doesn't matter in the least, yet my feeling that it was so made the book more interesting for me. It is very hard to realize that anyone could have described a family so sympathetically and picturesquely, without having been a part of it for many years.

You will love this typical American family of the early 1900's. It makes good summer reading, for it's as refreshing as a sweet-scented summer breeze.

The mother was kind to all who came to her door including tramps and pedlars. It was from a man who had wandered up to her door from the nearby Hobo Camp that she bought the picture of Theodore Roosevelt, and presented it to her husband as a birthday gift. Forever after that portrait had an influence on every member of their home. It eventually brought Mr. Roosevelt himself for a cozy chat with

the young man of the house, inspired one who was eventually to become an in-law of the household to make a momentous decision and in many ways enhanced the interest and pleasure of family friends and neighbors living on Syringa Street in Syracuse.

You will live in this old fashioned home where true values were respected; where the father, though a humble builder of shoes, dignified his trade by taking a pride in his work. Contrary to the old saying about the poor shoes worn by the shoemaker's family, Mr. Anderson's children made many a walking tour with their parents, for the family was always well shod.

The way in which they befriended Theodore Larsen, rescuing him from the gutter and eventually making him one of the family is a lesson in human kindness and the value of true friendship.

This is a warmly human story of simple American people who had a President in the family.

* * *

From time to time I have mentioned in these Book Chats a *Land of the Free Series*. This is a series of junior historical novels published by The John C. Winston Company and edited by Erick Berry. Her many fine books in the juvenile field are well known. She has acquired an excellent background, worthy of this important subject, through writing, illustrating and traveling. *Seven Beaver Skins,* which she wrote and illustrated for this series is a thrilling story of the Dutch who settled in New Amsterdam.

Each book of the series is a superb story and a beautiful book. Each book is an exciting story about a distinct national group from another country and how it found freedom in this new land. Each group in America has brought its own contribution to the building of this vigorous nation.

The stories in the series are all by foremost contemporary authors of literature for young people, illustrated by nationally known artists. Though the books are published individually, they are designed in uniform format and together they offer a beautiful and universal set.

The book I am now bringing to the attention of young people is *Chariot in the Sky*. A Story of the Jubilee Singers, written by Arna Bontemps and illustrated by Cyrus Leroy Baldridge.

Eight years after the close of the Civil War had brought freedom to the slaves, eleven young colored people stood in the court of Queen Victoria to sing the haunting melodies of Negro spirituals. This new and beautiful music was the gift of the African Negro to America.

Freshmen at Fisk University in Tennessee gather today in the Chapel on a certain day each fall to hear the story behind the life-size painting by Queen Victoria's own court painter—of eleven boys and girls who saved the life of their school.

The book begins with Caleb Willows, one of the Jubilee Singers, when he was a sixteen-year-old slave, making a break for freedom.

In the painting the boys are in richly tailored broadcloth and the girls in silks and velvet; but not many months before they were stranded in a strange American city in borrowed clothes, penniless and rejected. They had been sent out to earn money for their struggling little college, and had promptly required saving themselves.

Nothing can bring history so close to our young people as the historical novel. We are wondering these days whether people are turning from books to television. A distinguished gentleman in the publishing world, Frederic G. Melcher, co-editor of Publishers'

Weekly, has this to say for books: "Books are so old and so familiar to all as a medium of communication, from man to man, nation to nation, age to age, that they are often taken for granted; the very powers inherent in them forgotten as people rush to acclaim the marvels of newer forms of communication. Antennae on the roofs of homes, rather than a bookcase in the living room; and the amplifier in school halls, rather than the library, have become a symbol of alert modernism. Such assumptions are fundamentally wrong. The old magic of communication in books is still without equal in basic power for content, availability, and penetration." During vacation days especially, when perhaps the television set has been left at home, the Land of the Free Series might well be where the juniors can put their hands on them readily.

* * *

Now then, having taken care of light and entertaining summer reading, and of our young folks, through the *Land of the Free Series,* for those who enjoy something thoughtful and meaningful during their leisure hours, there is the latest book from the pen and mind of Henry C. Link, practicing psychologist and vice-president of the Psychological Corporation in New York. It is estimated that more than three million people have read three of his books, known I am sure to most of our *Liberalist* readers: *The Return to Religion, The Rediscovery of Man,* and *The Rediscovery of Morals.* These works, the publisher tells us, have run through more than seventy printings. Dr. Link is well known to magazine readers, through his articles published in the *Atlantic Monthly, Saturday Evening Post, Reader's Digest,* and many others.

Dr. Link prefaces his book with a question: Is Security Possible? Dr. Link says the answers to "What is Security?" and "Is It Possible?" have come largely in recent years from the economists, sociologists, reformers, and politicians. His attempt to answer these questions is made from the standpoint of a psychologist. As to the Psychological Corporation, with which Dr. Link has been associated for twenty years, he says, "It was founded in 1921 by James McKeen Cattell, then dean of American psychologists. With him in this venture were a group of the country's most distinguished psychologists who formed its original board of directors. Its purpose was to make the practical services of psychology available to individuals and institutions in a businesslike fashion, without the help of charitable gifts. Therefore, it was organized on a business basis. Today this organization, under the direction of its latest president, Dr. George K. Bennett, renders psychological services in every state of the union and in several foreign countries."

One of the services rendered is the Psychological Barometer, a nationwide poll of public opinion and habits of behavior. There have now been 113 Psychological Barometer surveys, totaling more than 1,000,000 personal interviews with adult men and women.

Dr. Link does not pretend that his interpretations of recent psychological findings in respect to security reflect the opinions of all psychologists or even of all his associates in the Psychological Corporation.

And now I quote from his preface: "What is security? The dictionary defines it as safety; protection; freedom from fear, anxiety, or care; freedom from uncertainty or doubt. Webster's definition includes 'the condition of being firmly fastened or fixed.' This, as we shall point out, is a very important aspect of security. The man who is happily married is firmly

fastened. The man who has a steady job is fastened, secure. The person with a religion, a set of principles, a philosophy, is fastened. Always, personal security involves the condition of being fastened or fixed to something."

I wish I might quote Dr. Link's entire preface in these pages. If our readers do no more than read that preface, they will be started on a road of profitable thinking. Dr. Link speaks of the popular emphasis in recent years being on material security and wholesale social security, and of our delusion in the belief that we could achieve such security by voting for it.

Dr. Link believes that our hysterical pursuit of material security is an unconscious admission of the fact that we are on the wrong track and that, as we see our material security slipping away from us, we try all the more desperately to grasp it. And he asks "What security is there in a hundred-dollar-pension if it is worth only sixty or perhaps only thirty dollars by the time we get it? . . . The outbreak of the Korean war was another rude jolt to our confidence in the possibilities of security. . . . We devised and often became fanatical over such elaborate schemes as Union Now, World Federalism, a world police force, the United Nations. Such plans, no matter how fine, can have no more value than the character and intelligence of the individuals who support them."

Dr. Link tells of a man who consulted him over his marital difficulties which involved the families of both the husband and wife who were mixed up in a lawsuit over a joint business venture. Dr. Link found that the man was very active in an organization for the preservation of world peace. His devotion to this cause was another reason for the difficulties he had had with his wife. "How do you expect to bring about peace between nations," Dr. Link asked him, "when you cannot achieve it in your immediate family?" And Dr. Link quotes Lecomte du Nouy in *Human Destiny,* previously reviewed in these pages: "If civilized countries want peace, they must understand that the problem must be approached basically . . . Peace must be established by transforming man from the interior and not by erecting external structures. We have already said it: the source of all wars, the source of all evil, lies in us. No outside protection will be sufficient if the enemy cowering at the bottom of our hearts is authorized to live." And here Dr. Link quotes Norman Foerster: "We are in danger of so emphasizing the concept of society that we cannot remember the concept of the individual."

And here I give one final quote from Dr. Link's preface:

"Our emphasis in this book is on personal and spiritual security as contrasted with social and economic security. Our thesis is that social security depends on personal security and that personal security depends on spiritual security. It is spiritual security that is primary and material security that is derivative. This is the exact opposite of the views now so widely accepted."

"The touchstone of every social plan is the individual or the family. . . . The psychologist sees the end result . . . the profound injury to individual personalities done by certain government social security regulations. . . . He sees the great damage done by parents who continue to subsidize their children long after they should be supporting themselves. He sees that the continued process of going into debt is ruinous to the individual."

"False theories of life have weakened people's powers to achieve it. Exposure of these fallacies and the discovery and codification of basic spiritual guides are the first social obligation."

I shall now give you a sampling of the topics covered, which will outline for you the wide scope of this book:

Is Security Possible? Spiritual Security Versus Social Security. Security Begins at Home. The Need for Love, Authority, and Discipline. Adventure for Security. The Psychology of Fear. Fear Can Be Your Friend. Unnecessary Fears and Worries—How to Get Rid of Them. The Mature Character. War and Security.

This book, *The Way to Security* provides needed guideposts on the road to security for both men and women. Young people will find in it a helpful realism. It offers a rich source for counseling to parents, teachers and clergy. If I have not said sufficient about Dr. Link's book to make you want to purchase and read it, then nothing else I could say would convince you.

The Way to Security was published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., on March 15, 1951. The cost is $2.50. The $2.50 would be well spent, but the Public Library will lend you the book. Therefore, do not deprive yourself of its benefits.

REMEMBRANCE

Shed not too many tears when I shall leave;
Be brave enough to smile.
It will not shorten, howsoe'er you grieve
Your loneliness, the while.

I would not have you sorrowful and sad,
But joyously recall
The glorious companionship we've had
And thank God for it all.

Don't let your face grow tear-streaked, pale and wan;
Have heart for mirth and song;
Rejoice, though for a little time I've gone,
That I was here so long.

For if I thought your faith would fail you so,
And leave you so distressed,
That sobbing to my body's grave you'd go,
My spirit could not rest.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.
(Re-Opens September 16th)

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.
(During the summer a 15-minute sermonette by Dr. Bradley is broadcast. The full hour and a half service will be broadcast beginning Sunday, September 16th)

Sunday Evening Service—November to Easter..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley, Nov. to Easter.. 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Regular Meetings, September through May, every other week. See list of Officers, page 24.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Evening meetings, second and fourth Tuesdays, September through May. See list of Officers, page 24.

Men's Club, regular meetings September through May..... 8:00 p.m.
Anderson Hall. See list of Officers, page 24.

The Uptown Players—September through May. Drama Teas, 1st Sunday of each month, in Anderson Hall. Plays, twice each month, in Eleventh Street Theatre. Studios, 869 N. Dearborn St. MIchigan 2-3105. Auditions for membership, once a month.

Channing Club—(young people of High School age)
during church season—1st and 3rd Fridays, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—During church season, Every Friday night in
Church Auditorium (Auditions at 7:30 p.m.)..... 8:00 p.m.

Ushers Club—During church season, 1st Tuesday of each month,
in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall.... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon.. 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon..... 3:30 p.m.

Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall... 7:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864—4th Friday each month,
Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday during the summer season, Dr. Bradley gives a 15-minute sermonette (by electrical transcription); 1160 on the dial .....11:00 a.m.

The regular Sunday Church Services from September to June are broadcast direct from the pulpit of the church from 11:00 to 12:30.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....In Memoriam
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EDITORIAL

FORTUNATELY the tempo of our American life is such that most everyone is enabled, at some time during the year, to have a vacation. The two weeks or more which people are privileged to use in breaking their usual day by day routine, are in many particulars the most important weeks in the entire year, and now that vacation days are over for us, the problem is how to conserve our energy and our strength in order that the benefits of the change we have had will last throughout the long winter which is before us. We can drop back easily into the old habits and the old methods and permit anxiety, care, daydreaming, money problems, work problems and a thousand others to undo all that our vacations have done.

No one realizes the value they have received from a vacation until they get back into their work-a-day world. Then we realize what has happened. And how pitiful if we do not make adjustments and develop a technique for living which will retain the benefits and enable us to do finer and better work, with greater enthusiasm and skill. As Dr. Eliot said, "Let us not be deceived about the truth which our vacations reveal to us. The present now and always is of supreme importance for our happiness."

There are those persons who would have us believe that happiness can be found only by a return to the past. As Toynbee says, there is no surer way to kill our civilization than to take this attitude, but neither is there a surer way to destroy people's happiness. It closes the door to whatever satisfaction the present has in store for them and they become soured and embittered.

There are others who would have us seek happiness in a different direction. They would have us believe that the good lies not in the past, but rather in the future. That is the position of the social actionists, who would have us spend all our energy in working for a better world, a world which we ourselves may not live long enough to enjoy, but our posterity will. And if our posterity is to do its duty by *its* posterity it, too, will have to devote its energies to the achievement of a better world, yet in all this, no one all along

the line will have time to enjoy the results which are to be had. That enjoyment must be reserved for a future that never arrives.

The greatest service we can render the future is to bring to it a great past. So it is, if we wish to achieve the beloved community on earth, then let us bring to the future the experience of having lived the beloved community today. If we wish to establish justice in the land, then let us practice broad justice in our dealings now. Or we may wish to achieve international understanding and concord. That's splendid, but let us do today all that may achieve such understanding, for the kind of world we shall get is being determined now, by our attitudes, our decisions, our acts.

Bringing the future a good past, that is the best service we can render to the future, and that means looking to the present and making it great. Is that not the truth by which we live on our vacations? And why not try it the year round? One can have the joy and the benefits of a vacation all the time and every day if one but learns a few simple rules. It is not work which kills; it is boredom and it is filling our lives so that every moment is one of activity and restlessness.

If each one of us could learn the value of a 15 or 20-minute period sometime during the day, of complete rest; a change of tempo, we would retain the benefit of these vacations much longer than we do. I know one of the busiest men in this city who, twice every day (and he is a middle-aged man too, that dangerous age, when so many leave so suddenly) but this man, twice a day, 15 minutes in the morning and 15 minutes in mid-afternoon, locks the door of his private office, informs his secretary and his switchboard operator that there are to be no phone calls to his office, and for 15 minutes twice a day he gets on his back, stretches out, and permits nothing to disturb him. Sometimes he tells me, he will read in those 15 minutes, something that has nothing whatever to do with his business or his problems. This man has learned how to make vacations last. There is the educator who stops work for a similar period during the day and listens to some music on his phonograph or from his radio. He has found the way, too. There is the distinguished historian who often turns from his studies and his difficult writing and will write entirely different matter, almost doggerel, and some of it finds its way into the cheap magazines. He knows the secret, too. There is the investment banker who writes humorous verse about his favorite hobby, which happens to be fishing, which he joyfully contributes for nothing to outdoor magazines. He will take sometimes a half hour or an hour during a busy, difficult day, and turn to his writing about his favorite hobby. He fishes every day in the year. He knows no open or closed season. He has learned how to live. I know a busy editor who slips out to the movies for an hour or so at noon, particularly if he has an unusually trying and difficult morning. He will take an hour or more right out of the middle of the day. He has learned the secret, too.

Don Herrold in an article for the Reader's Digest told his secret about it all. He advocated a revival of the lost art of doing nothing. An hour with nothing to do so terrifies the average American that he jumps in his car, drives off fiercely in pursuit of diversion and often ends up as a vital *statistic* in the Monday morning papers. The author of this article thanked Heaven he grew up in Bloomfield, Indiana, in the horse and buggy era, when people had time to sit and think, or just to sit. Because the peo-

ple in that little hoosier village had leisure to gather in the shade, or in the back room of Cāven's Drug Store, where conversation came easily, the town was full of characters. They were not all the same type. They were *individuals*. Don Herrold saw all this as a possible explanation of Indiana's prolific production of literary figures. Indiana had hundreds of Bloomfields, where folks talked and lived literature without knowing it. Some of them just naturally took to writing. Too much busyness is messing up your life he warns, when you do not take time to look up a word in the dictionary and while you are at it, a word or two above and below. The very verbs of our American language testify to our hasty and violent living. We *catch* a train, *grab* a bite of lunch, *contact* a client. Recommended to those in too much of a hurry are things like these: more walking with no place to go; fewer appointments and more chance encounters; less talk with people who we think can help us in our career, and more with people who aren't going to help us get anywhere—the man who comes to fix the refrigerator, the carpenter, the elevator man. Arnold Bennet once recommended a book on How to Live on 24 Hours a Day. Most of us are trying to live 30 hours a day. Even amid the clamor of the city's streets we can find the peace of country lanes, but it *will* have to be found in our own hearts.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

THE little mother wren is now perched on top of her tiny dwelling, looking for all the world like a little fairy bird right out of a book some small girl is reading. Yet I know her to be, for all her diminutive size, a very competent little mother. For five days now, my Aunt, Mrs. W. A. Thomson, and myself have been established at the top of a hill near Michigan Beach Resort on Lake Michigan, eight miles out of Benton Harbor. Though Michigan Beach Resort itself is compact and rather crowded by my standards, we here on the hill are quite to ourselves, the only house in sight. There are houses on the hillside to be sure, perhaps three or four of them, but up here the trees hide them all from view. There is Sweet Cherry Resort down the hill to the front of us, but we can't see it, though we do hear the dinner and supper bells at one and at six o'clock.

We are in a dear little four-room cottage, with a large newly-screened-in front porch, a swing and a couch on the porch as well as a table for outdoor meals. Two bedrooms, a living room and a well-equipped kitchen make up the rest of the cottage, with a built-in old-fashioned ice-box and tiny outer porch. We have cistern water for clean-up purposes and we carry our drinking and cooking water from the pump of our nearest neighbor, Mrs. Woodend, a teacher of piano from the South Side of Chicago. Mrs. Woodend owns a little dollhouse of a cottage just below ours. I said "ours," but it really

belongs to Mrs. Elizabeth Stavers and her daughter Mildred, the latter head of the Home Economics Department at Steinmetz High School in Oak Park. Mildred and Mrs. Stavers are in St. Petersburg, Florida at present, hence our opportunity at Michigan Beach. In August, they will come through here on their way to Pine Lake near Kalamazoo, where they have a comfortable two-story summer home and spend most of their summer months.

Now I really started to tell you about Mother Wren, didn't I? I just checked up on her again, for I am writing this seated at the indoor dining room table, beside the open French windows, and Mr. and Mrs. Wren's home is just outside, about eight feet away from the house. She doesn't seem to mind my clacking away on the typewriter. Just now she was atop her dwelling, with her mouth open, perspiring with the heat (I am told birds perspire through the mouth), and along came Papa Wren with a mouthful of food. He lit on the roof, Mama received the food into her open mouth and away flew Papa, while Mama went inside. Immediately she came out again and waited on the roof, and back dashed Papa with another mouthful. Then they both flew away again for more baby-bird-fodder. Aunt Harriette and I are very much "on our toes" about the wrens at present, for we feel very sure at the rate the young ones are being fed, it must be getting close to the time for them to leave the nest. Here is Mama Wren back again. I'm very glad there is reason for me to be busy at the window so I may not miss any event in the life of my "next-door neighbors" just now. Do you remember my telling you of the time I stayed on my knees in the pantry at Dr. Bradley's Island Home for three hours watching a mother bird and father bird get their little family out of the nest? Well, the novelty has not worn off by any means and I anticipate this event in the Wren Family with great pleasure. Indeed, after they leave we shall miss them greatly. They have been great company for us these first few days of our vacation.

Mother Wren is now cleaning the nest. She leaves the house with a beakful of refuse and returns with a beakful of food. No wasted energy there. Every trip counts.

There is a small cherry tree just beyond the Wren House, and at left of that a large mulberry tree, so we will not lack for bird visitors. In fact I've had three looks at a cardinal red bird. There are quite a few red raspberry bushes in the little garden and we had fresh red raspberries and cream the first night we were here, picked fresh from the bush.

Mommy Wren just put her beak outside the door and reached for more food from Poppy, who then perched on a nearby post and sang sweetly to her. I've heard of human fathers who sang in the bathtub, but never who sang as they handed in the bacon. Maybe that sort of schedule would brighten up many a home meal. Much better, I'd say, than announcing how much the bacon cost. Mommy is now on the roof again, cooling off and listening to me peck at the typewriter. Now she has gone in on a tour of inspection. How I wish I could report the young ones starting to fly before this page is ended. Aunt Harriette is worried for fear the young ones won't all live, "it must be so warm in that little house." She thinks the house should be made larger. One-room addition, maybe? How small must the young ones be, looking at Mommy with her little inch and a half of body?

There is a riding stable not too far away and several times a day a line of about ten children on horseback comes

slowly up the hill and past our cottage. How happy those little folks must be. I remember that a horse was a wonderful animal to me when I was a child. Not so many years ago in the Rockies, a horse wasn't so wonderful. I practically dragged one all the way up a mountain. I guess he knew he wasn't fit to go up it, and I was just onery enough to make him do it anyway. On the way down again I found that the saddle was too loose and I nearly took a header over his head. As far as I am concerned, horses are better when you are little, at least if you are on them.

I met an interesting young man last evening, as he was tearing down a miniature golf course he had taken three months to build, out beyond this cottage. Young Mr. Gunn had built it on someone's advice and thus lost an opportunity to sell the property to a home builder. He now wants to sell his five lots to someone who wants to build a home. I liked his philosophy. He is married and has a little boy of his own. He used to live in Chicago, but Mr. Gunn says he never would again. He wants to bring his boy up in the country. There are good schools in Michigan, the roads are kept as open as in Chicago, he is interested in automotive electronics, and wants to buy the homestead belonging to his mother and father—a fine log house down on the main road. Wouldn't you know a young man who was that independent would have the good sense to bring up his boy in the country? Benton Harbor is nearby, a good shopping center, and this part of Michigan is only 100 miles from Chicago.

Well, if I keep putting down all my thoughts, we never will get to the Mail Bag itself, so here we go—into the Mail Bag:

The following beautiful letter from Ted Eisen came in too late to go into the July Liberalist, but I am sure you will like to read it. Ted is with the 6th Armored Division at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

News travels slowly to those of us in the armed forces who are away from home. I received a letter this morning from my mother informing me of the untimely death of your son, Jimmy.

It was, to say the least, a shock to me, and as with all shocks, memories and reflections came to my mind. I should like to share some of these memories with you.

You do not know me, Dr. Bradley. We've met several times but you still would not know me if you saw me. But Jimmy knew me. And Jimmy helped to make me the man I am today.

I first met Jimmy when I was ten years old. The Uptown Players at that time had their offices in the Fine Arts Building and Lenore Brown was playing her magnificent Queen Elizabeth. At that time I joined the short-lived Junior Theatre. I was extremely shy and suffered from a tremendous inferiority complex. Jimmy saw me and tried me out for the role of the young immigrant in 'His Honor, Father Time.' I didn't get the role, but I started an association with The Uptown Players and with Jimmy. The former lasted till I went to college five years ago; the latter did not end till I received my mother's letter this morning.

During the ten years that I knew Jimmy he was everything that a friend should be. I was a youngster when I met him and he helped me to become a man. I shall never forget the day I asked him about Unitarianism.

He took me into the office in Anderson Hall at the Church and for the whole afternoon told me about the movement. It was largely because of what he told me (and what was later

told me by Philip Schug) that in 1947 I signed the Unitarian Covenant in Champaign, Illinois. Jimmy was more than my friend; he was what few men have intelligence to be to other men. He was my teacher.

I am not writing this letter Dr. Bradley to extend my sympathy. In my opinion sympathy is not called for. You see, Jimmy was too vital to die. He could never die for those of us who knew and loved him. I am writing this letter to let you know that in not just your heart, but in many hearts, Jimmy will always be alive. It will always be difficult for some of us to realize that no longer will the phrases of "The Prophet" echo from his mouth and no longer will the rhythm of "The Congo" burst from his lips.

No, sir, Jimmy is no more dead to those of us who knew and loved him than the Spirit of Christ or God is dead to man.

I just thought that you might like to know.

Yours very sincerely,

Ted N. Eisen."

* * *

I do heartily agree with the quotation I now make from a letter to Dr. Bradley from Mrs. H. N. Mizer about Jimmie's characterization of the star character, the tailor, in "One Flight Down":

"It is difficult to think of the future without 'The Uptown Players,' and it is impossible to conceive of 'The Uptown Players' without Jimmie. I've enjoyed all of their works, but I think my favorite will always remain Jimmie in 'One Flight Down.'

Jimmie has given untold happiness and enjoyment to all of us and can any of us ever hope to accomplish more in this life than just that?

I will never forget Jimmie and it is my prayer that the knowledge of what Jimmie has meant to you and to all of us will sustain and comfort you in the days to come.

Sincerely,

Hilda Nelson Mizer."

* * *

Here is a quote from a letter from Jane Waters French, a member of the church for many years:

"Jimmie would say, 'Dad—the show must go on.'"

* * *

From Tower, Minnesota, came this letter signed by Dr. Bradley's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Bull and Mrs. N. P. Williams:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

We here in Tower and vicinity were shocked beyond expression on Saturday, when we learned of the sudden passing of Jimmie.

On Friday, I understand, he was in the *Dr. Preston Bradley Library,* looking it over with a companion, and then this paralyzing news follows.

The heart of thie entire Arrowhead Country goes out in love and sympathy to you.

May God bless you, keep and sustain you.

Your friends,

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Bull,
Mrs. N. P. Williams."

Then follows this verse:

"Let us be patient! These
afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial
benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."

(From Longfellow's "Resignation")

* * *

From South Pasadena, California, came the following:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

I just received the sad news of Jimmie passing on. It was a terrible shock to me. He was such a fine chap and everyone loved him.

I remember some years ago in conversation with Mrs. Bradley, she told me Jimmie was pure gold. I couldn't help but think of Mrs. Bradley passing May 27th and Jimmie May 26th, just a year apart. I know it was a terrible blow to you. I think you have had more than your share of heartaches the past year.

May God bless and keep you. My sincere sympathy and best wishes.

Mrs. Paul Hughes."

* * *

From "The Poetess of Whistling" came this note:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was just a week ago I lost my teacher and friend. I lost him in a physical world, but not in the spiritual realm. What little time was alloted to me brought untold treasures in the Dramatic Readings Jimmie so generously heaped upon me. He had such plans. I would like to carry some of them out. When Jimmie went to the island he was to bring back some of his readings. One in particular, 'The Nightingale and the Rose.' The musical background by Liza Lehmann.

Should you ever release some of his material please keep me in mind. I would like to purchase it. I have some of his records to work from.

In your Sunday broadcast you mentioned William Quayle. His book 'In God's Out-of-Doors' is in my possession. I need say no more. The serenity of mind and spirit permeates through it. I wish it were possible to see you face to face. One of the last remarks by Jimmie to me was, 'Oh, you must meet my Father. *He is precious*. So in humbleness I will wait. If it is the Father's will, it will come to pass.

In His Name,

Pauline Esdale,

'The Poetess of Whistling.' "

A letter from Kansas City, Missouri:

"Dear Preston Bradley:

I very much want to add a personal note to the letter sent you by the Board of Trustees. The sad tidings reached me just as I was leaving Chicago to visit my aunt and uncle, aged ninety-one. Being in my old home and reliving the long sweep of the generations has made me more than ever conscious of the great mysterious nature of all life.

We know so little about the things we experience, how can we know about the death which we have not experienced? The hurt of death is felt by those who live out their little day, not by those who plunge stalwart as a cataract into the unknown. I know it is this hurt which a father feels for his son. A thousand times I felt it until my boy returned safe from the war.

I can only say to you that I believe in the deep spiritual nature of living and that I know you will be restored by this vital well-spring which flows out of the deep and from person to person.

I think of you and I believe in you.

Harold P. Marley."

(Mr. Marley is with the Community Child Guidance Center of Chicago.)

* * *

We close the Mail Bag with this letter from an old friend in Alhambra, California, Mr. Carl I. Henrikson. The former Mrs. Henrikson founded the Friends of Literature and was until her death its President.

"My dear Preston:

Since I heard of Jimmie's passing I have been searching my heart for a word that might bring to you some measure of consolation. Many thoughts have crowded forward, but this alone survives: I would love to place my hand upon your shoulder and say, 'Preston, my brother, I have faith in your resourceful strength, and God is counting on you now as always.'

Through your spoken and written

word I have many times found power to restore myself when I needed it most. It was only last evening that a caller who was in trouble went away revived and refreshed after we had read to her some of your 'Meditations.' Surely some of the courage and faith you have planted in the hearts of thousands of your friends must be coming back to you now in this hour of bereavement.

Our love and our prayers are with you.

Faithfully and sincerely yours,
Carl."

* * *

Because this is the month of Dr. Bradley's birthday, when one hears from friends from far and near; and because on this birthday occasion Dr. Bradley will feel with poignancy the great loss he has sustained, it did seem very fitting that we should include in this Mail Bag more of the messages regarding Jimmie. Reading these letters from people in many walks of life and from far and near is much like meeting many, many friends. And so we bring these tributes to Jimmie to the birthday party, to help ease the pain of his absence, added to the absence of Mrs. Bradley, who was not there last year either. And so Dr. Bradley will realize that many of his friends, some of them unknown to him in person, are thinking loving thoughts of him and of his dear ones.

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

THE SEED OF DEMOCRACY— HOW IT WAS SOWN

By HELEN FOGG

(This is the last installment of an article which began in the May issue.)

REGENERATION URGENT

One of the chief questions which entered into the institute was how to help the large masses of people in Germany to find their way now, in the welter of conflicting propaganda, toward the basis of democratic living. This is a terribly critical moment in Germany. The Arbeiter-Wohlfahrt leaders, and others who are most deeply concerned with the future of Germany, feel desperately the need for some means of speedy large-scale regeneration of the German people toward democracy. They also feel that if the young people of Germany are not helped immediately, that as the adult generation of the future, they will be very susceptible to wrong leadership or will themselves become the wrong leaders.

The danger and futility of an attempt now at even a new kind of mass indoctrination, led to the view that this creating of a new spirit in Germany must be thought of in terms of social action and education of a period of time. Some of those we worked with spoke of the emphasis upon the value of working in more intimate relationships and relatively small groups for effective educational procedure.

This caused evident despair in some of the older people present who were so keenly aware of the extreme urgency of this moment for the future hopes of Germany.

One of them said, "If this painfully long way is the only way we can take, if this is the only way it can be done, then we few in Germany who have the urgent will to move Germany forward toward true democracy must not be-

come prostrated by our own overburdening sense of responsibility in this. We must not let our courage be conquered by our realization of the smallness of our group."

More understanding of group education is greatly needed in Germany. The need is sharply accented by the poverty of the country, the vastness of the social and educational problems with which it has to struggle and the extreme shortage of able workers in these fields. But quite apart from that, if Germany is to grow out of her authoritarian ways and become a democracy, a major factor in this process will have to be the kind of group education which offers to children, young people and adults first-hand democratic experience, which develops their potentialities in the context of this, and which awakens and strengthens in them an interest in society and the desire to become active and responsible members of society.

Eager and anxious to learn, people who attended the institute are going back to their jobs excited by a new approach to the individual, enthusiastic about getting small groups together to discuss human problems, and with a new and different feeling about Americans and American ways of life.

The seed of democracy sown by the Unitarian Service Committee in 1949 must be nurtured with repetition of another institute next year. Democracy will spread like a fan once the German educators learn our methods.

There is no better way to evaluate the institute than through the words of Miss Schulze who said at the conclusion:

"We go back into our ruins, and I would like to paint a small picture which shall take the place of expressing our gratitude. In the midst of ruins stands a tree. This tree has itself been burnt at times and its leaves seared and turned brown. But it has always continued to live, and new green leaves have come again. If at some later time when you come back from America you should find here new life and new work, then that will be our thanks to you which we cannot put into words now."

BRADLEYISMS

Every life is but the sum-total of the decisions it has made along the highway of the years.

* * *

If we could call the roll of all the wrecks that strew the shorelines of life, people who had the potentiality of greatness, people who possessed bas ically the qualifications to make life a triumphantly victorious experience, and could stop them and say "What's the matter? What happened to you?" 99 out of every 100 in that situation would say "I tried everything once."

* * *

Life is only a beautiful thing when it is disciplined. The only freedom we have is the freedom that comes through disciplining.

* * *

Power is only power when it is under control, regulated, disciplined, directed.

* * *

Why do you judge a great group by what one or two are? It isn't fair.

* * *

I am more worried about parents than I am juveniles.

* * *

Someone has said that success is getting what you want, but happiness is enjoying what you have.

"CHART YOUR COURSE BY THE STARS"

Many of my readers I know have heard me speak of the beautiful singing voices of the Welsh people. I once heard an audience in Wales sing Handel's Messiah as I have never heard it sung before or since by any group of people. But one July day in Swansea, Wales, I heard them sing on a very different occasion. It was at a funeral service for a little child, who had run out, laughing and romping, only to be crushed underneath a lorry, as she ran past a corner obscured by a high stone wall.

We carried that little child to its resting place, the people were all gathered about the grave, the father and the mother, sisters and brothers and many friends and young companions, and something happened there that I have never seen in this country. The people stood around that open grave and sang together two beautiful hymns. To listen to people singing at an open grave, not one musician, not one voice, not a quartet, but there were the people who had known and loved that little child singing as I have never heard singing and as only the Welsh people en masse do sing.

I said to the minister as we walked back to his home: "That is an experience I shall never forget—singing triumphantly, beautifully, with dignity —singing at the open grave of a little child." Then he turned to me and said: "We Welsh have a proverb—take it back with you to America: It is that our dead are never dead as long as they are remembered."

Building memories! That is all that life finally is, a process of building memories. And as life goes on and deepens, our happiness or our misery will depend on the memories that we have built in life. The art of forgetting is just as important as the art of remembering. That is why it is all the more important and all the more beautiful that we should try to build beautiful memories. What a pity that we don't live better than we do. What a pity that we ever permit life to create for us memories which rend and burn. What a pity, when it could be so beautiful.

When we hold memorials for heroes who have died, when we visit the tomb of an unknown soldier, or when, on some of our national holidays, we pay tribute to those who have died for us, we never intend in those tributes to glamorize war—we are not trying to make it seem romantic. Our deepest instincts want to pay tribute to the dead and we try to say to them, as we build our memories of tomorrow, "Take us, take our brains, our hearts, our country, our ideals, take us, break us, do anything with us, but let us who live try, to the limit of our exhaustion and our ability, to create the world that the dead died to build. We have no other task. We are not interested in one acre of any nation's land. We are not interested in boundary lines merely. Men don't die for oil and dollars and land. If that is the vision of the diplomats of the world in this hour, if that is what prime ministers, foreign ministers, presidents and secretaries of state have in their hearts, then let the peoples of the world discard them at the first opportunity and put in their places men and women of the nations of the earth who believe in the dignity of the human personality, and the righteousness of noble ideals. Let us not make scapegoats out of Jews, and oil, and land, when the eternal righteousness in the affairs of nations and for which men die is the only important

thing. Then we are building memories for tomorrow out of the greatness of those who died.

I know that life seems very transitory. I know that it does not take society long to forget. I know that men who seem great and important pass from the scene of life and very soon are forgotten. I know how transitory and fickle public acclaim is. I know that men who have tried to do and say something to help the world in the great passion of their finest moments are soon forgotten. We know how the world treats time and we know how time treats human hearts, and we know how the cold brutality of forgetting sometimes seeks to destroy memories—it never does quite, for we build memories and those memories are a part of the citadel of the eternal that lives.

Man has caught a glimpse of far-off places. He is tired, he is weary, he is lonely. The warmongers, the hate breeders are having a difficult time to whip the world into the passion of war. They are having a harder time than they have ever had, and it will still be harder. Man has caught a glimpse of the promised land, he is looking over the crags into peaceful valleys; there is music in his soul, and peace, and beauty. The dead died for us, and we must live for them.

Two engineers making a survey in a most desolate part of China ran into a terrific storm which broke upon them while they had the charts and placings and knew exactly where they were going by the landmarks which were all designated. Suddenly this terrific hurricane or tempest drove them into a cave. There they stayed for a day and a half. Finally, they became desperate and at midnight one of them ventured out from the cave and exclaimed, "Look! Every landmark has gone; everything is destroyed; every tree broken; our maps are useless; here we shall die!"

The other engineer coming out of the cave, looked up at the sky and the night and he said, "We are not lost, we shall not die, the stars are still there! We can chart our course by the stars!"

Dark world, frustrated world, disillusioned world, tired world, come out of your cave. Desolation is about you, incompetency, mediocrity, failure, but come out of your cave! As an individual, come out of your cave! You are tyrannized by circumstances that have no right to touch you. You are not imprisoned, you are free! Come out of your cave, nations and men! Darkness? Yes. Storm? Yes. But look! There's a star in the sky! A star of love and of hope! Let the nations of the world chart the future by that star, and we will build such memories that we can sing at the grave, and our dead will never die!

Sometimes we live so much with our fears that we weaken our faith in the eternal goodness of the universe. Today I read these lines by that great soul—that lover of nature, Henry David Thoreau: He says, "I saw a delicate flower had grown up two feet high, between the horses' path and the wheel-track. An inch more to right or left had sealed its fate, or an inch higher; and yet it lived to flourish as much as if it had a thousand acres of untrodden space around it, and never knew the danger it incurred. It did not borrow trouble, nor invite an evil fate by apprehending it."

"Even in the city, I
Am ever conscious of the sky;
A portion of its frame no less
Than in the open wilderness.
The stars are in my heart by night;
I sing beneath the opening light,
As envious of the bird; I live
Upon the pavement, yet I give
My soul to every growing tree
That in the narrow ways I see.

My heart is in the blade of grass
Within the courtyard where I pass;
And the small, half-discovered cloud
Compels me till I cry aloud.
I am the wind that beats the walls
And wanders trembling till it falls;
The snow, the summer rain am I,
In close communion with the sky."

Philip H. Savage

(From "Quiet Hour"
compiled by Wm. Oliver Stevens)

THE GLORY OF THE COMMONPLACE

From the time I left my home in the little village of Linden, Michigan, as a young man, I never let a year pass during the lifetime of my parents, without paying it a visit. Sometimes I could only remain for two or three hours, and the demands of a busy life have never let me stay over three days at a time. And even though my parents are no longer living, it is the most sacred spot in the world to me still. And whenever my lecture engagements take me anywhere near my old home I always try and plan an itinerary that may give me an hour or two there. Every memory of my childhood is associated with its beauty and charm.

This little village of less than 600 people (at the time I was born) would still appear to the traveler and casual observer as only another "small town," but to one who knows its heart and soul it has an appeal of distinction. Nature was lavish in her endowments. The laughing, rollicking waters of the Shiawasee River flow, with the loving intimacy of all little rivers, through the heart of this hamlet. The village is fringed with lakes. On every highway leading from the center of the town you will pass by a lake before you have gone five miles. Every lake is a very intimate and dear friend of mine, while the Shiawasee has been my comrade for all these many years.

From the porch of my boyhood home I could toss a ball into the stream. I learned to swim in its waters where the only style of swimming that young lads knew was "dog fashion." Less than half a mile down the stream was our "ol' swimmin' hole." An old oak tree kept guard over us. I wonder if the boys in the home town today still plan, behind their old Harper's Geography, in the village school, their swimming excursions? I wonder if the "old oak" means as much to them as it did to me? Riley had his "old Swimmin' Hole," but Rollo Spencer, Earl Laing, Howard Wilson, Ransom Fowler, Frank and Clarence Hopkins, Dwight Sanborn, Earl Jewett, Guy Sage and I had the "Old Oak Bend."

The years have drifted us apart, and some of those lads have crossed another river, but across the miles and through the years my heart is sending them wherever they are, kindly thoughts and precious memories of boyhood days together.

How grateful I am for such a childhood! How fortunate I am to have had such an environment for the early years. Nature unfolded to me her beauty before the things that man has made intruded with their veneer and demands. I knew trees, birds, stars, clouds, rivers, lakes, sunsets and hills before I knew skyscrapers, telephones, street cars and automobiles. I always try to see the old places and old faces again before I begin my winter's work each year.

What folly it is ever to permit the pressure of life to have the power of separating us from the scenes of childhood. One can never "go home" too

often. Yet in this modern day we always hear of people thrilling to the idea of a trip away from home. We feel we must get away from the commonplace. And yet is it not we, ourselves, who make things seem commonplace. For some great souls have found the glory of the commonplace. It is a serious mistake for us ever to permit life to become monotonous or irksome. Beginning every day as a new day is the sublime task of living. Most of the unhappiness of life can be traced to an inability to discover in the things we see and do everyday the element of romance and delight.

The irritation which is so disturbing to the peace of mind is largely of our own making. The expressions of life are largely a matter of constant repetitions, and unless we can sublimate each act, this matter of living is quite likely to become wearisome. The demands upon us are such that most of us are compelled to spend the major part of life doing about the same things in the same way almost every day. This routine has a pronounced tendency of taking the joy out of living. Life ought always to be joyful, and living a continuous experience of happiness. How to express life alienated from drudgery and the commonplace is our problem.

I think our problem would be less difficult if we persistently tried to discover the uncommon in the commonplace and the unusual in the usual. The more we can add to our interests in life the less likely is life to develop a staleness. A life devoid of interest in the highest creations of the art and mind of man is dangerously near the deadliness of monotony. Enrichment of the mind is a sure antidote for the deadening influences of the daily task. The more we increase our radius of interest the more attractive does our daily labor become. There are no *common* tasks, and there are no ruts in life that cannot be avoided. Keeping life fresh and crisp by cultivating an interest in every act and condition of life is the secret of happiness.

I remember years ago when reading "The London Adventure" by Arthur Machen, I was deeply impressed by his recognition of the uncommon in the things that to less discerning minds would be thought of as decidedly common.

The most unfathomable things all about us are those with which we have hourly contact. The sky, the stars, the clouds, trees, birds, even air and light are all impenetrable mysteries. These can never become so much a part of life as to lose their beauty. And where beauty is, there is delight and joy.

Dr. Fosdick once said a very illuminating truth when he spoke these words: "The kind of insight which discovers happiness in difficult situations, commonplace people and customary tasks is one of the surest tests of character, for it always involves generosity, appreciativeness, love. The man who cannot know abiding happiness is the self-absorbed man." While Bishop Quayle, who could see "sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything" expressed in his picturesque language the same thought in these lines: "Not one step of the journey of life is uneventful. We are always confronted by the new and alluring. The common things must always be the chief delight of all such as have lived deeply."

There is a glory to the commonplace and it rests in the discovery that there isn't any such thing. Starting the day in an appreciative frame of mind is one sure way to make the commonplace uncommon; for whenever we look for beauty we are sure to find it.

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